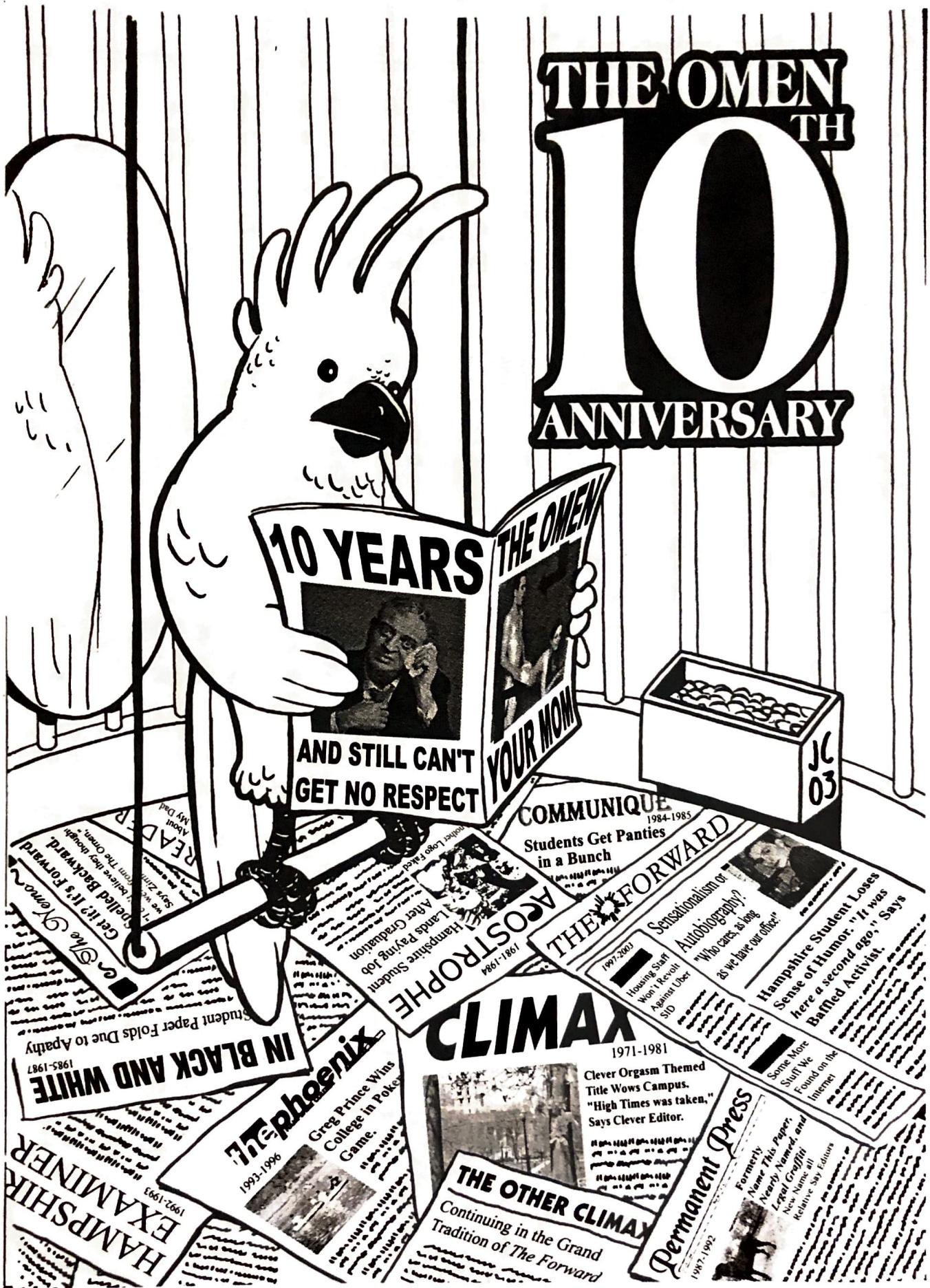


THE OMEN

10TH

ANNIVERSARY



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omen

10th Anniversary Special
May 2, 2003

layout & editing

Justin Philpot	10 years of BOOZE!
Aaron Buchsbaum	10 years of bashing the yurt
Beth Day	10 years of crappy newspapers
Jeffrey Paternostro	10 years of comics in MS Paint
Zak Kauffman	10 Years of official <i>Omen</i> porn
Alli Hartley	10 years of inside jokes
Matthew Montgomery	10 years of stupid hippies
Rebecca Costello	10 years of CRB

Views in the *Omen* (5)
Do not necessarily (7)
Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover & The Adventures of Surly Boy
by Jacob Chabot



Visit the *Omen*'s very simple
website at omen.hampshire.edu

If I spend one more minute
in the Pub Lab, I swear to
god I'll start thinking Gabe
was funny...

quote a result of: ITS 5:30 IN THE
FUCKING MORNING!



editorial

The OMEN is reprinting an email we received after we'd sent out our invitations. It sums up a lot about the OMEN and why we decided to do what we did and plan a campus-wide birthday party. We thought it might be nice to have a party. You know, like a community.



Just got your note about the OMEN party in the mail...

by: Justin Philpot, editor-in-chief

As current editor of the OMEN I'm pretty damn pleased to be marginally in control of a rough and tumble band of outlaws... uh... Well, since nobody has challenged me for control of the clan, I get to take credit for something I have almost nothing to do with. Ain't that America? Beth and I sent out over 60 invitations to alums letting them know that it was the 10-year anniversary of the OMEN, and inviting them to the all campus party Saturday, May 3rd. Everyone we mailed an invitation to had at one time contributed enough to the OMEN, in submissions or in time, to be considered "staff." It struck me as we filled out RSVP information on children's birthday invitations that we were doing in one afternoon what other groups on campus had tried and failed to do for years. We were maintaining a community.

Balls! I say. I say no, wait, hear me out. The OMEN is Hampshire's longest running student publication. Sure we've said it a lot. It should be said. As it stands we're one of, if not the, longest running student group as well. 10 years is a long time on a campus where some people only stick around 10 weeks. We are lucky enough to have had in the past people who were willing to stick with something long enough to pass it on to someone else. Its not foolhardy or nostalgic to want to thank those people in some way. Because of them, we have a wonderful way to waste every other Saturday talking about how much we'd like to bone. (Nobody in particular. The act itself holds enough mystery for us without cluttering the fantasy with another fucking person.)

So wait, are you telling me the OMEN is still publishing?! I had always assumed that it must have petered out some time after Jon Land graduated...

I wish I could drop everything and fly to Amherst for this, it would be great, but I can't.

I guess I was there right at the beginning, if only by accident of social circle. I wish I still had a copy of the flyer Stephanie Cole put out when she started the whole thing, which I believe had a Citizen Kane quote on it to the effect of 'I thought I'd like to run a newspaper.'

Surprisingly enough, I'm actually a reporter for a 'real' (if small) paper these days and living in San Francisco. Would be happy to hear or see anyone who wants to drop a line or drop in.

Sara Gaiser (formerly ssgF92).



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

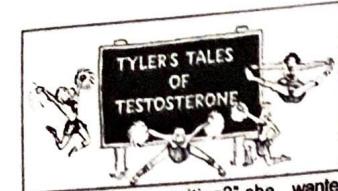
The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.



The *Omen* loves you.



by Tyler M. Carey F95
 "You call this writing?" she screamed. "This isn't wri ting! This is a piece of sexist bullshit!" Ah, I'll never forget the memory of my first virulent critic. Well, I've long forgotten her name, but what she said? What she thought of my piece in Hampshire College's *The Omen*? That will linger forever.

The piece was a half-fabricated story of a trip of dorm flunkies to a dance at Smith College. During the course of the evening, the libidinous freaks (my own alter ego, included) caused all sorts of mayhem and were chased by campus security, pit bulls, and angry sorority sisters. It was a romp that crossed back and forth between Keystone Cops and Porky's. My fellow writing class colleagues wanted to be Ernest Hemingway, Jorge Luis Borges, Michael Lesy or Jack Kerouac. I wanted to be Chuck Barris, Howard Stern, and Hunter Thompson all rolled in to one. *The Omen* was and still is a great place to play such identity games.

By gum, whereas I had to watch what I said, and regret what I did say in most discussions on campus, *The Omen* was a playground of offense. I mean, how many times has a body of authority, whether it was an administrator, campus group, or cabal of extremists, try and fail to censor the publication? Anything was fair game – politics, campus satire, inter-Omen backbiting... Heck, I even remember a few folks took the woes of their relationships public in one of the dozens of op-ed forums. We were no *Wall Street Journal* or *Paris Review*, but we had no plans to be. We just

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE.

Publisher: The Great Hoboes of New York
www.greathoboes.com

wanted attention, and whether it was a thumbs-up from a fellow reader, or a thumb in the eye from one of the wealth of critics, it was appreciated.

Passing on into the dreaded "real world" proved a little less fun, at first. The fact that what most of us get paid to do after Hampshire isn't identical to what we did in *The Omen* seems strangely unfair – we were so goddamn good at it. The fact that we get paid or not based upon the ambiguously qualitative judgments of our bosses makes it tougher. What did we have to fear from our critics at Camp Hamp? A mark on our permanent record? A smear campaign in a community of 1,200 people? In the big picture, these aren't daunting punishments. But outside? Well, it's tougher to be enthusiastic in the face of criticism that carries serious consequences like poverty or a libel suit...

Okay, I made that last part up. My point, though, is that artists, especially those who specialize in satire, are often going to be misunderstood by at least three quarters of the people out there. That's part of the fun – you and that other 25% get to share a nod and a wink at the expense of the insane vast majority of society. And that's fun no matter how big your audience is. The important thing to keep in mind is that Hampshire has never been anyone's high water mark. Once you step outside the divisional structure of the school without walls, you realize that there are just all the many more people to razz. And most of 'em never see it coming.



SOAP ON A ROPE

by Michael Benni Pierce, Editor-in-chief: FOO-FOO

I graduated last spring. Some of you may remember me. My name is Michael Benni Pierce. But that's not important. My name and my role in the *Omen*'s history are all just that: history. Normally, I wouldn't even waste my time writing for the *Omen* after graduating, but when given a chance to spout some of my own rhetoric under the heading "10th Anniversary," I couldn't pass up the chance.

For you see, the *Omen* is one of a kind. It really exists nowhere else but the Hampshire College campus. Where can you find a paper that is distributed for free and will print anything and everything that isn't libelous or defamatory? Maybe I'm just shooting blanks here, but I don't believe there are that many in existence.

In fact, now that I've graduated and moved to New York City, I can guarantee you that there is no way for me to put my opinion out there for other people to read, let alone get it distributed amongst the masses. The *Omen* perpetuates this strange notion of free speech, which, in all honesty, doesn't

exist outside of the realm of paying \$35,000 to go to school. I mean, do you think you spend all of that money on toilet paper? No, you're spending that money to exercise your rights guaranteed to you as an American citizen by the Bill of Rights. Because when you graduate and move on, you, too, will become one of the mindless workers bees that contribute to this great country of ours: Capitalism.

Yes, that's right. Throw stones at the *Omen*. Make it your bitch and slap it around cause it doesn't treat you right. But you know what? The world outside of Hampshire isn't any better. Nobody listens and nobody cares. It's a downward spiral. Everyone exists in their own box, and when you realize how insignificant you really are, you cease to be an individual, and instead, just become a statistic on the U.S. Census.

It's actually quite ironic now that I think about it. There are people at Hampshire who want to stop the flow of free speech, the flow of raw, unadulterated ideas. These are the

same people who will graduate and then move on and disappear into the woodwork. Will they make a difference? No. At least by writing for the *Omen*, you're attempting to make a difference. You're attempting to take your pen and pierce the fabric that has been thrown over your eyes and everyone else's. Great men and women throughout history have stood up to adversity because of what they believed and what they felt was right.

Well, in the case of the *Omen*, it is right. The moment we begin to censor is the moment we all begin to sink into the floor to be stepped on by the government, by extremists, and by terrorists. Everyone deserves a voice, but only if everyone gets a chance to speak. And this is what the *Omen* is all about.

So enjoy the *Omen* while you've got it - it won't last long. For if you feel like you can't open your mouth and get people to listen to you now, wait until you graduate, and prepare to bend over. Welcome to the real world. I believe that's your soap on the floor...



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK



RESPECT IS DUE, BITCHES

You probably don't know me, but I used to write for the Omen. And I take pride in that. This semester makes The Omen becoming the longest continuous student publication at Hampshire, and after ten years of serving (yes, serving) the Hampshire campus, I think it's time some respect is due.

By design Hampshire is both an academic community and a living community. The difficulty that arises in this arrangement is that, in the process of academic debate, some ideas that arise will no doubt be offensive to some, many or all of the community's members. Every idea by nature must have an antithesis, and productive debate is impossible if one side of the debate is dismissed out of hand. Thus, the conflict that arises for a college like Hampshire is how to create a comfortable living space while simultaneously maintaining a free marketplace of ideas.

The difficulty with the Omen is that many students feel that, because the Omen a publication produced and paid for by community members, it somehow invades their personal space. If one of the more controversial stories or articles in the Omen were presented in a classroom context, or appeared in an independent publication at the school bookstore, it would probably be judged distasteful but grudgingly accepted as questionable, or ignored. The Omen also has a tendency to encourage name-calling and truculence, which

is frowned upon by many community members. I think the key to dealing with that aspect of tolerance – while the Omen could be more responsive to student sensitivities, the student body ought to have some tolerance for immaturity and chiding in return. Yes, some material in the Omen toes the line between personal attacks and constructive critiques, but debate is by nature a messy process, and when a simple insult gets treated as assault, it has a chilling effect on campus speech as a whole.

To me, the Omen is one of the few things that prevents the Hampshire community from turning into an "intellectual suburb," where the free flow of ideas is subverted to create a comfortable living space. Because

Hampshire by its nature encourages individualism and attracts students who see themselves as espousing a minority viewpoint, the initial impulse of many students, empowered to control their environment for the first

time, is to egotistically attempt to remake the campus in their own image. The danger in this impulse is that the resulting space becomes a conformist community dedicated to the appearance of order rather than free intellectual pursuit.

With Hampshire students representing so many radically diverse ideologies, identities and subcultures, enforcing "community standards" can become dangerously simplistic. I remember an all-community meeting regarding posters on campus,

where a student speaker questioned whether one poster might be insensitive to "students of different queer identities." The students who made the poster, who themselves represented a vibrant array of queer lifestyles, were at the meeting, and upon hearing this one of them involuntarily laughed at the irony. The distraught speaker then declared that she could not continue if she was going to be mocked, and ran out of the room crying before anyone could explain. Hurt feelings and anger are a natural result of misunderstanding; how a community deals with them after the fact is far more important than prevention, and if one side of the story fears to speak, the truth will never be learned.

If writing for The Omen taught me anything, that lesson, ironically, was respect. I learned how to choose my battles—when to step on toes and when to tread carefully—and I learned it by picking fights.

And to be honest, the things I remember most clearly about The Omen were the good times. The vast majority of what got published was humorous, harmless, or just plain puerile, and in the end I made more friends than I ever lost (although I can't say the same about enemies.)

One last justification for the Omen, not that any should be needed: When an idea is removed from mainstream debate because it is deemed too offensive, it has a nasty habit of

continued on page 8

IT ENDS BADLY

by J Wilder Konschak, F98

I'm wearing fake glasses. I'm wearing fake glasses because it makes me appear more educated. I'm wearing fake glasses from my Div3 film. Perhaps you remember it. Of course, you don't. But it doesn't matter, because I'm wearing fake glasses, fake glasses I earned in my last year at Hampshire. And in that sense, and in that small senseless-sense alone, my Div3 made me appear more educated.

My 32thou-times4\$ diploma looks a little odd, what with the circle and the college name like a state-school sans "new." But these glasses - they look real. And they look good on me, I hear now and then, from people I meet at www.lovermatch.com. You see, they're optical glass. They're real frames. They go well with my gray hair. They make me more desirable, on the job market, on www.singlscrowd.com, on www.lavalife.com, at the Laundromat on the corner, the one beside the Ethiopian pizzeria.

Yes, my fake glasses make me appear respectable! And educated. And above being laughed at by www.monster.com, just because my resume says "concentrated" instead of "majored," and "prose, film, and gender," instead of "business management."

Above being laughed at by my e-mail spam, simply because I could-a gotten a degree in air-conditioner psychiatry and despair, could-a started at 32thou a year, but paid the same

to learn firsthand what little shits my fellow activists could be. I could-a had a dental plan! I could-a had teeth! I could-a sold petcare terrorism insurance, instead of begging www.progressive.com to let me stay on my mommy's auto plan one more year.

I could-a got out more-dot-com!

But my fake glasses, they'll change it all! My fake glasses have no magnification, but they've got a tad of a translucent tint. Day to day, my eyes burn a little bit less because of them. I don't have to cry so much.

And you know what? With my fake glasses, things look different. Hampshire looks so very small, and the world outside looks so very big. It's like someone's turned the binoculars around the right way - at last. Yes, I do believe I like my fake glasses. They seem kind of real.

I'm wearing real glasses!

And with them, I can see my hair getting white. Stands just suddenly turn and run pale. Happens while I watch. All at once, without a middle-step or a two-step, without a warning shot, this pot-shot, the paint just falls off, and there's the bone, white as dust. And there I am, distinguished. And married. And living in Jersey, with two children

and a puppy that eats screenplays. Wearing glasses.

Wondering where college went.

It went away, a-wondering whether mod booty was better

than none. Away, a-wondering whether or not Zeke's batik appropriates the repressed culture of people who make batik. Whether chalk on pavement was silent repression or globalization or a paradigm shift or a form of digetic diasporas in rape-sensitivity-counseling. A-wondering why they're called buzz-words, when they're sure to bust up a good buzz toot sweet! Away, away, a-wondering why are these binoculars on backwards?

I mean – I never saw it coming – it just up and hit me -

And – Commencement!

Why did we post defensive flames on the Daily Jolt? Why did we call our classmates privileged tools of the Canadian Overlord! We could have been dancing! With people who read the Daily Jolt. Why did we protest the corporatization of the Div Free Bell? We could have been kissing! Kissing those who'd rather ring a Bell than wear a square hat. Why did we learn the term "corporatization" at all, for god-sake? Microsoft SpellCheck doesn't acknowledge its existence, and we're all going to work at Starbucks on 7th and C three months after we commence.

And why did we spend so much time being angry?

Because Now.

Here we are.

We have nothing in common with our middle-aged, tired-of-life coworkers, except of course we look more like them every day. When we sit at the lunch table, having our daily Snapple,

continued on page 8

RESPECT...

continued from page 6

taking root underground and thriving in dark corners. I think it's healthier for a community to be able to express disturbing ideas openly, so they can be debated and disproved or challenged, than to shun them, so that these ideas can live on among their supporters unquestioned. Curbing speech based on offensiveness is akin to not cleaning your toilet because it disgusts you — the filth isn't going away, and it's just going to get worse before it gets better. So if you don't like the Omen, just think of it as Hampshire's "toilet of ideas." I would argue the Omen is an excellent source of fertilizer.

And for those of you offended by the title of this piece: Sure, you could say it's unnecessarily offensive, crude, or immature. But in the end, the harm caused by one expletive insult is pretty insignificant. And perhaps it lured you read this article, and just maybe this article made you think for a change. So if you don't like it, fuck off and live.



IT ALL ENDS...

continued from previous page

to keep our health in check, we're quietly tempted to have a kid, bam-boom, give birth to a boy or a girl — just to have conversation. Just to be part of the place we live again. Like we were before. In that fucking waste of student loans we lived in.

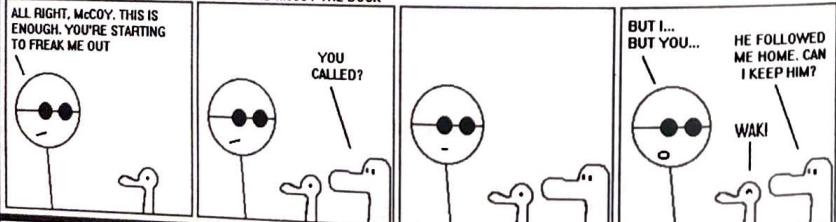
And we know all the Snapple Real Facts. And we miss Hampshire. And we wonder why we went at all. And we use carriage returns recklessly. And we download a lot of Bjork and feel glad we don't have a firewall, even if we can't afford that cable modem. And we, the Royal We, write a poem for you, the Plural You:

You just can't know
What freaks you're being
What drama you're dreaming
Until you get outside and see
You'd have seen the world better
Having bought fake glasses
Like me.

Incoherently yours,
J Wilder Konschak
Former Art Director, Omen
Creator, Darwin's Kids
Graduate, Hampshire College
Writing In, Italics.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK



Gus Andrews, F95

SIX POINT PLAN FOR A BETTER OMEN

Mock or intimidate people who turn in bad articles.

There's no need to change the paper's charter if you get creative. The Omen has a tradition, albeit an intermittent one, of minimizing the impact of people who turn in godawful dreadful pieces of shit. The venerable Mr. Land (and the frumious Mr. Chabot) maintained editorial control by ridiculing writers in headlines or cartoons.

Alternatively, there are ways to print articles so they're difficult to read. The Omen once ran an article the editors found distasteful in one-line segments across the top of every page. Other solutions include unreadably small or ornate fonts, or asking the duplications department to add a little glue to facing pages where the offending material is printed. A sporting disdain for jackasses makes the whole campus a better place.

Hate. You know, there isn't enough hate on the Hampshire campus. It all gets legislated away. And when you legislate hate away, it gets hidden. And then you don't see it until it's too late. Too late to teach hate-filled people to love again. Where's the hate, Greg? Where it is, yo? Hampshire needs its motherf-

ing hate. In perpetuity, the motto of the Omen should be "I have nothing but hate."

Understand free speech. When you write for a paper which will print anything without editing, the onus is on *you* not to suck. Your job is to burn with the jo-jeezly spirit of hate. Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin didn't die sucking down mustard gas in the jungles of 'Nam to support your penchant for whining about how you can't get laid, or your conviction that you're a linguist even though you don't study the topic. If the most compelling thing on your mind is how your favorite video game will get you chicks, then shut the fuck up, fatman.

Would it hurt you to keep the column titles consistent from year to year? Or for that matter, week to week? Thank you, already. Remember: you are not Hunter S. Fucking Thompson. Nor are you Martin Fucking Scorsese, Lewis Fucking Carroll, Mark Fucking Danielewski, Sylvia Fucking Plath, Marcel Fucking Proust, Brett Fucking Easton Fucking Ellis, Thomas Fucking Pynchon, Ernest "Fucking Papa" Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Quentin F. Tarantino, Jerry Fucking Seinfeld, Kevin Fucking Smith, Neil Shit-A-Goddamn Gaiman, or Akira

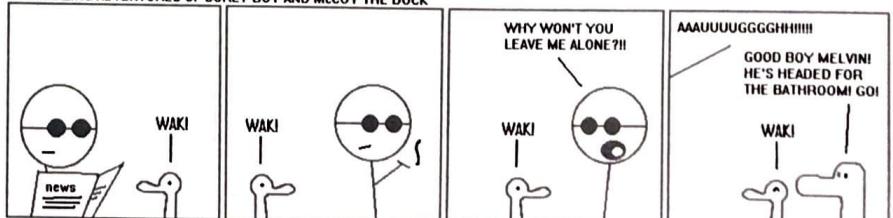
Motherfucking Kurosawa. Your article will absolutely not ever have the earth-saving powers of Noam Motherfucking Chomsky. It won't even get off campus. Sorry. And this waste of paper is neither RayGun, nor Maxim, nor Sassy, nor the Village Voice, nor Wired or the New Yorker. It is not even the Onion. It is not the Newsweek to the campus-paper-du-jour's New York Times, because the campus paper of record is no fucking New York Times, and there is less News in your Week than there is on a slow day on Fox. This is a college hate rag and you are a goddamn college student and you write for it. Get over yourself.

Corollary: Don't do news. The Omen doesn't do news well. It does opinion OK, but not news. Journalism is a complicated endeavor that is neither appreciated (by students) nor taught in full (I love you, Dave Kerr, but you're just one man) at the college. Leave the news to someone else. You need a straight man anyway.

Get a fucking sense of humor. Nobody else at this backwards excuse for a college has one. It will make you seem unique.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK



FALL '98 COURSE CATALOG SUPPLEMENT

VOL. 10 NUMBER 11 APRIL 10, 1998

The OMEN has a long history of making fun of Hampshire. Only some of that history can be chronicled here, if only because some of the participants have gone on to bigger and better things, like making fun of life after Hampshire. Or making fun of Hampshire graduates. Or panhandling.

-Justin Philpot

SCHOOL OF NATURAL SCIENCE

NS 118p How Stuff Works
It don't. Go back to bed.

NS 143 Talkin' 'bout my Dawgs

Taught by Ray Copperger. In this class Ray will drone on about all the various dogs he has owned in his lifetime. No one will care. (Don't think about trying to get a Div I from this class, all Ray's dogs died years ago.)

NS 190 Feces

This class will take a look at shit. Literally. We'll examine why the whole goddamn county starts to smell whenever it gets hot out, and why you shouldn't drink out of the toilet. Required texts include Everybody Poops and Once Upon a Potty. Get an easy Div I by looking at stool samples.

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

SS 116 Gender, Race, and Society

This class will examine the social structures of gender and race. Kick-ass!

SS 124 Gender, Ethnicity, and Poverty.

This course will examine ethnicity and poverty, in the framework of gender. We will read uninteresting books which you will immediately sell back to the bookstore. They'll only give you about \$2.75, but you're sure as hell not going to want to keep them.

SS 129 Power, Race, and Gender

Power, race, and gender are undoubtedly connected; in this course, we'll find out why, I hope.

SS 138 Gender, Class, Society, and Gender

The ideologies of gender and class will be discussed in depth, with a pinch of society thrown in for good measure.

SS 144 Gender, Gender, Society, Sexuality, Gender, Race, and Gender

We'll discuss a lot of crap; quite a bit of gender. And some other stuff too, I suppose. Race, I guess, that's always a good one.

SS 156 Gender, Gender, Poverty, Gender, AIDS, Gender, Gender, Gender, Baked Beans, and Gender

This professor will talk for

weeks without really saying anything of substance. Don't bother bringing a notebook.

SS 301 Schutzstaffel

We thought it appropriate that the school of SS would have a class on the SS. This course is designed to help students build their own elite military corps, which will be used to persecute the group that has plagued Hampshire for years: the Hippies. They pollute our environment with awful music and odors of cannabis, and they systematically destroy Hampshire's credibility as a real college. The course will culminate with Crystalshipnacht, the Night of Broken Hippies.

SCHOOL OF HUMANITIES AND ARTS

HA 115 Film/Video Workshop I
You think you're getting into this class? Forget about it, go take Gender, Class, Society, and Gender instead, I think there's still room.

HA 156 Euripides and Wolfe
Euripides and Tom Wolfe: two influential writers who have quite a bit in common. We'll examine the similarities between these two authors, including elements such as life, death, characters, time, movement, and dialogue.

HA/NS 167 The Inner Child
We will find your inner child, then surgically remove him.

HA 285 Advanced Idol Worship

We will learn how to idolize various guest speakers for their liberal ideas, whether or not they're actually full of shit. Required texts include Noam Chomsky's Truth, Lies, and Democracy and various books with the word "whiteness" or "Amerika" in the title (or, better yet, "Amerikkka").

SCHOOL OF... CCS!

CCS 101 What is CCS?
CCS, does it even still exist? If so, what is the uniting element? What does CCS stand for? Cognitive Science, Communications, Computer Science, Cultural Studies? Isn't that a few too many C's and S's? Why are we forced to take classes in this crap? We'll answer all these questions for you as soon as we figure them out for ourselves.

CCS 155 The Philosophy of Nihilism

This course is designed to help you systematically reject everything you ever learned in any other philosophy class you may have taken. If you didn't think they were a waste of time before you sure will now.

What the fuck were you thinking taking classes on Confucius and Plato, do you want to remain stupid and unemployed your entire life? Div Is in this class will be awarded to any student who doesn't even

bother to attend this class.

CCS 198 Downloading Porn

We all know what the internet is really for, don't we? This class will examine how to find the best in pederasty, bestiality, necrophilia, and almost any other sick perversion and depravity you may fancy. Enrollment is limited to 150.

CCS 218 Chomskian Theory

Let's get one thing straight here: this course is about linguistics. Members of groups like "Rail Against Imperialism" stay the fuck out of my class.

SCHOOL OF "INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTS"

IA 127 Home Ec

Cooking, cleaning, sewing, knitting, you name it. At last, here's a class you can actually use after you graduate. It's not just for wymyn!

IA 176 Socio-political-neuro-psycho-astro-meta- omniology

We'll take a comprehensive examination of the changes undergoing vast myriads of information and attempt to ascertain-- aw, fuck it, this new school isn't going to last a semester anyway.

WRITING/READING PROGRAM/ CO-CURRICULAR

WP 101 Basic Literacy

So you went to an "alternative" primary school, you can make a mean aborigine boomerang but you unfortunately you can't

read. Well, you're gonna have to learn eventually, so we'd better get started now. Get a friend to read this description to you, put an "X" on the registration form, and take this god-damn class!

OUTDOOR PROGRAM AND RECREATIONAL ATHLETICS

OPRA 101 "Gym"

Push-ups, squat-thrusts, and those dumb exercises you used to do where you move your arms in small circles. All that crap, you remember it. Starting off with Red Rover and Red Light/Green Light, we'll soon work our way up to kick-ball and floor hockey. You must supply your own gym clothes.

OPRA 220 Zen Scuba
Firgure this one out for yourself.

OPRA 233 Corporal Punishment

We beat the bejeezus out of people. It's good exercise.



WONDERING WHAT'S IN YOUR FUTURE? THE OMEN

BY OMEN Staff
Look, we've all been busy. In those times of stress, we've all reached for little comforts to help us through. Some of us choose alcohol, some of us the sport of hunting human prey. The others - the weaker ones among us - reach for a the vague advice of a centuries old tradition. So of course the OMEN took it and fucked with it. Screw you, pagan.
-Justin Philpot

Aquarius (Jan. 21 - Feb. 19):

Send e-mail to all_students@hamp, and you will make about sixteen new friends, and 2 enemies.

Aries (March 21 - April 20):

You will go insane and kill the next three people you look at. Incidentally, you will realize in a few minutes that death really does come in threes.

Taurus (April 21 - May 21):

Your Mammy's like a truck, there's always some greasy asshole in her.

Gemini (May 22 - June 21):

Threats to those in positions more powerful than you could be a hindrance to you financially. Tell your boss to get lost and buy something nice for yourself today, it'll be the last time you can for many, many years.

WILL LET YOU KNOW...

VOL. 6 NUMBER 4 OCTOBER 20, 1995
Cancer (June 22 - July 23):

Scorpio (Oct. 24 - Nov. 22):

Your rich uncle survived that nasty "accident." It seems his breaks "cut out," and he swerved and hit a tree. I'm on to you, you theiving son-of-a-bitch. I know your game, and goddamn it, that inheritance is mine. He always liked me more than you, always... You'll never know what we felt for each other in that cold, dank basement.

Leo (July 24 - August 23):

You will find yourself in a situation where the media is controlled by untalented morons and pretentious "film students." Hey, what's on channel 8?

Virgo (August 24 - Sept. 23):

Stay the hell away from Pisces.

Libra (Sept. 24 - Oct. 23):

You've got a little speck of something on your teeth. No, over there. A little lower... No, not that low. Left front tooth, no your left. Almost, one more time. No, I guess it's just a really big cavity. That thing's huge. You might have to get it pulled, or at least a root canal. You know, I heard about a guy who went in for a routine root canal once, and the dentist found all sorts of tumors and shit in there. Well, the guy went into a coma, woke up in 20 years' time, and just keeled over three days later. Oh, you got it off, that was a close one.



A Poem on Vegetables for Vegetables: *Potatoes*

Because it makes me giggle.
--Beth Day

You're spoiled and spotty,

You rotten old fruit.

Some vegetables are evil

But you are the root.

Application For Nookie

by Wade Stuckwisch

Ever notice how difficult it can be to negotiate a romantic and/or sexual encounter on this campus? Everything is so vague and nebulous, especially in the early stages. And there's no guarantee that everything won't fall apart in the end... Well, *The Omen* has a solution for you! If you're in the hunt, photocopy this simple application and place a pile conspicuously outside your place of residence. If you're in the market for some lovin', a little pavement pounding and a touch of paperwork can hook you up with the hookup of your dreams, with all the groundwork already laid out on paper! It's not legally binding—yet—but at least this time you'll have a piece of paper to wave in your ex's face when he/she runs off with the secretary.

APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT WITH _____, INC.
(your name)

Name: _____ Birthdate: _____ Sex: M / F*
Measurements: _____ Education: _____ Contact Info:
* _____, Inc. (is/not) a gender-biased employer.

Where did you learn of this opportunity?

Friends Word of Mouth Bathroom Wall *Omen* Article Active Recruitment

Previous experience: Please list names, positions, and dates for last 5 employers:

- 1)
- 2)
- 3)
- 4)
- 5)

May we contact your previous employers? (Y/N) If no, then why not?

Are you a convicted felon? (Y/N) If yes, please explain:

I am applying for a (pick one): (Temp / Part Time / Full Time / Management) position.
Hours per week: _____ # Weeks per Year: _____

Expected salary: Monetary _____ Emotional _____ Time _____ Sexual _____

Why are you interested this position? (Check all that apply)

Need work badly Revenge on previous employer(s) Looking for real-world experience
 Heard good things about corporation Bored True, undying love

Do you have any special skills that would benefit our corporation?

Do you have a source of transportation? (If yes, include picture)

Are you currently romantically employed, either part- or full-time? (Y/N)

If yes, does your current employer know you are applying for supplementary employment? (Y/N)

Please include a resume, a photograph, a complete notarized mental history and a clean bill of health with this Application.

_____, Inc. reserves the right to terminate this contract should any portion of this application prove misleading or falsified, and will not be responsible for any damages, including incidental, resulting therewith. Applicants may be required to complete a training period without full pay and benefits for up to two weeks.





Joe Laycock. What man other than he can hold a room full of geeks at rapt attention, with nary a sound to be heard but that of his own voice? He is the Man who regales all manner of curious gawkers with his outlandish exploits, subsuming their very being into ungodly slosh. The goddamn over-productive Div III who, his middle finger extended proudly into the heathen Massachusetts air, says simply: "Fuck y'all. I'm from Texas".

This is the Man I need to talk about. Why? Because his article sucked.

Actually, it really didn't suck. It was a quintessential *Omen* article concerning some scrupulous activities that had taken place during the yester-years of high school. Indeed it filled almost two solid pages with opium-induced tomfoolery and threatening talk about a vengeful kid with a two-by-four. It was well-written, and thus could not be published in the *Forward*. It was (mostly) not fictional, and thus could be published in those other magazines that sporadically appear on campus. Thus, Joe Laycock was fated to bring, yet again, his harrowing tales to the profane pages of *The Omen*.

So why have I chosen to shove a pole up the proverbial ass of Joe Laycock? In one word: Rafil. I swear upon the wholeness of things that if I ever hear that name again, I will burn many things which in all common decency should not be burned—including: teddy-bears, projectile vomit, seamen, medical dictionar-

TEXAN BULLSHIT

VOL. 18 NUMBER 2 FEBRUARY 22, 2002

of Holding. I hope you're satisfied.
e.) I called Rafil's supposed "house" myself, and had a very enlightening conversation with the proprietor of "Grizzly Dan's Garbage Dump Strip Club". What the hell was that?

That's right Joe Laycock- Rafil is a lie. He is your creation, a subconscious fiend who 'makes' you do all the devilish things you always want to, but are to pussy to go through with on your own. Who's getting you arrested after park hours? Rafil. Who's that you're making a cardboard penis with? Rafil. Who's that you're breaking into houses with? Rafil. That's bullshit. Rafil cannot exist for several reasons.

a.) Were he a real person, his balls, due to the exorbitant amount gutsy/moronic/illegal things he does, would be so large as to physically disallow him from even waddling to a nearby toilet to urinate. He would thusly be perpetually drenched in his own excrement and be considered dangerously toxic.

b.) The incalculable number of restraining orders which by all current lawful standards he should have received, would have forced him into a hermitage somewhere underneath Greenwich.

c.) His name sounds like I fucking sneezed while eating soggy marshmallows.

d.) You're putting my 3rd edition eleven sorceron on trial for a crime he didn't commit. He's going to fireball the court, then stuff any shiny objects into his bag



of Holding. I hope you're satisfied.
e.) I called Rafil's supposed "house" myself, and had a very enlightening conversation with the proprietor of "Grizzly Dan's Garbage Dump Strip Club". What the hell was that?

I wonder, Joe Laycock, just how much of any stories you've ever told on this campus are true? Are they all a skeevy bunch of preposterous lies, created to affect a bad-ass image with which to rule the Excalibur mailing list? Or do you simply enjoy the piercing gaze of drooling geeks like myself, who clammer and cry for 'story time' in the middle room of SAGA? Perhaps little snippets here and there are vaguely true—maybe somebody somewhere owns a Volvo, maybe somebody somewhere has a tree-house—but I know at least Rafil is a fictitious character. The embodiment of the man you only wish you were.

Joe Laycock, I hereby proclaim that your article sucked. Had it not included Rafil, even for just that 1 seemingly perfunctory sentence, then perhaps I would have left it (and you) well enough alone. However, I believe Rafil is simply your subconscious bitch, and that all your other stories are, and always shall be, Texan bullshit.

DIRTY HIPPIES NEED

NOT APPLY

Vol. 10 Issue 12 April 24, 1998

I goes without saying that Wade probably wrote this article while drunk. That is the only explanation I can come up with for it actually being funny. I figure it took him about half a bottle of Wild Turkey before he really got rolling. Still, it is a mean-spirited rant and is a nice microcosm of the range of stupid fucking arguments I've heard in my three years here. Simply brilliant. Since it is nowhere on either Mac, I had to type the whole damn thing up myself. I hope you appreciate it, Wade, this ones for you.

-j. paternostro.

An open letter to Thea Dobbs
Regarding "Pet owners need not apply" (4/10 *Omen*)

Dear Thea:

Perhaps, no pun intended, it would be best to let sleeping dogs lie. Perhaps it would be best to keep my nose in my own business and not comment on your article entitled "Pet owners need not Apply," in the last *Omen*, but I don't feel that benevolent today. Therefore, let me take the opportunity to tell you just how idiotic your letter, Thea Dobbs, was. (I hope you also realize that I would be ripping on your letter just as hard if it had been published in another venue for editorial, such as our beloved medium for legitimate news, *The Forward*.)

The question your article raises is not, in fact, a question despite previous warning.

Let's consider a few more

statements in your article. For example, you state that Dr. Bob compared confiscating your dog with confiscating a bong. As both of these items are contraband items, the analogy seems perfectly apropos to me. Your comparison of taking your dog to taking your child, on the other hand, is downright ridiculous. Perhaps I should remind you that your dog is a nonsentient animal, incapable of love (i.e. fur plus meat). Dogs are stupid animals who are loyal to whoever feeds them. They're a lot like working class Republicans in that way. Would you object to Derrick Elms removing a right-wing auto worker from your mod.? In most civilized countries, dogs are eaten as food. Only in a culturally backward society such as our own would they be coddled as pets. Children on the other hand, are sentient creatures, capable of independent thought, which explains how they mistaken ideas as ridiculous as the ones outlined in your letter.

Perhaps your most ridiculous expectation is the fact that you expected to be allowed a housing exemption because you own a pet. If this was policy, any idiot could buy a cat or a goldfish and get a free ticket off campus. And as for expecting the college to supply housing for people with pets, I hope you realize that you could probably count the number of colleges and universities that allow pets on campus housing on one hand. The statement that *continued on page 17*

HAMPSHIRE DRINKING GAME

By ZAK KAUFFMAN
This campus is plagued by unorganized alcoholism. I'm tired of sitting back and watching my classmates destroy themselves, so with this article I'm going to try to change things. I present the Hampshire Drinking Game!

Unlike most drinking games, this is not to be contained to social gatherings. The Hampshire drinking game requires a 24-hours a day, 7 days a week commitment. It won't be easy, but I promise that once you're done you'll be transformed from a lazy, stupid drunk to a motivated, highly organized alcoholic.

To play, you'll need a flask or bottle of liquor that you can carry around with you at all times. You will take a swig whenever you hear or witness extremely common or rare Hampshire cliches. For example, if you hear a Div3 student complain that they have to finish their Div1 projects, take a swig. It is encouraged that players create their own rule system, but to get you started the following is a loose structure for your growth as an alcoholic.

If you hear the following phrases used in conversation, take the appropriate swig:

- Paradigm
- Eco feminist
- Sustainability
- Hegemony
- Homogeneous
- Pansexual
- 1/2 a swig
- A hearty swig
- 1/2 a swig
- 1/2 a swig
- 1/2 a swig
- Switch to Tequila

You witness one of the following events:

- Drumming circle
- Issue of the Forward is released
- A student with dread locks and thrift store clothes gets out of a \$40,000 car.
- Someone rings the Div 3 bell at 4 in the morning.
- An issue of the Omen that goes out of its way to be "edgy"
- A protest against Hampshire receiving money
- Div 1, 2, or 3 announced containing the words 'identity, third world, rape, awareness, or multi-media'.
- Full swig
- Drink yourself into a coma
- Hearty swig
- Full swig (take a second swig if you need help getting back to sleep).
- Half a swig
- Half a swig
- Half a swig

In class swigs:

- Religion student interrupts class to share their personal philosophy on life.
- CS student spends all of their time playing Quake3 in the ASH lab instead of doing work
- SS student interrupts class to speak against the American military-industrial complex.
- HACU student pointlessly associates the word gender with their focus.
- NS student tortures animals in Cole Basement
- JA theatre production sucks monkey ass
- Empty the bottle with a hearty swig and break the bottle over student's head.
- Half a swig



continued from page 15 pets would not be allowed on campus seems to be one that would be implied in the very nature of the institution (perhaps Hampshire should just emblazon its application with "Dumbass Hippies With No Sense Need Not Apply.") Didn't you ever bother to ask what the school

s policy on pets was before you decided to arrive and flagrantly flaunt your violation of school policy.

I could mention a few other glaring idiocies outlined in your letter, such as your complaint that Elms left your dog outdoors of all places (where do you think dog lives in the wild- heated caves? miniature yurts?), or the fact that you probably had a million other "choices" of things to do with your dog while you were at school (kennels, relatives, new owners, the ASPCA...hey we all have to make sacrifices to go to this school...). But I think you've made enough of an ass of yourself simply by publishing your ridiculous diatribe. You are obviously stupid if the simple fact that you own a dog doesn't make that perfectly clear in and of itself. I suggest you undergo a strict regimen of self-improvement beginning with a hard cold reality check before you succeed in embarrassing yourself any further.

Sincerely,
Wade Stuckwisch



On Coverage This Weekend:

Ben Sanders, x2106
Lauren Ryder, x2106

Why call someone who cares about your well being simply because they are paid for it? Don't trust your mental breakdown to those emotional whores. Do you really want to call your intern in a time of crisis? While you're out on a ledge, they're rummaging through the House Office refrigerator. That's why you need us. We're not SIDS, but we've seen a lot of them. If you get locked out of Dakin, need information on housing or just want someone to talk to, give us a call (Except during The Simpsons, Melrose Place, 90210, or any other time we deem inconvenient). We specialize in interventions (We've only lost three in our career). Sure, we do not have any type of "training", but how hard can it be?

Vol. 5 Number 5 March 3, 1995

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, MCCOY THE DUCK, AND MELVIN



2 May 2003

SHE'S BACK... AND SHE LOVES PORN

VOL. 6 NUMBER 4 OCTOBER 20, 1995

Honk if you (heart) Porn!!! On Friday, November 10th, this lascivious imperative got me more wolf-whistles, thumbs-up, and car horn blasts than Kate Moss in nothing but her Calvin's. An interesting comparison to make, yes? For some of us, it's free speech, for some, it's Violence Against Women—and we're all reacting to Kate, her erotic perfume advertisements, and her sisters in nothing but skin.

"Adult Video 5" is a porn store nestled near the bridge over the Connecticut in Hadley. Recently the target of heated public debate, its presence has stirred many concerned people, particularly students, to vocalize their condemnation of the pornography industry. Contraryways, this reaction has led a few people to strut their stuff in favor of porn. I admit it. I strutted. And I had a damn fine time doing it.

Loaded down with signs such as "Born to Read Porn," "Solo Sex is Safe Sex," and "I Love Free Speech," (as well as a couple requesting the aforementioned honks) about six or seven of us headed out to Hadley, in anticipation of the protest announced in "The Collegian." We were ready for some raucous good fun, since most people who publicly announce that they are "for" pornography do it with a certain amount of wit and aplomb. It's just a fact; running around screaming "Let's rent Debbie Does Dallas!!!" beats the heck out of deconstructing gender roles.

However, the problem with

a counter-protest is that it really can't fly without the original protesters. Adversity brings identity, but milling around with nothing better to do just makes you look silly.

So imagine our disappointment when the censurous horde we had anticipated was nowhere to be seen. Which, if nothing else, blew a stereotype of mine—I always thought reactionaries were prompt (after all, we were reactionaries to the reactionaries, and we were bloody on time).

To kill some time as we waited for the opposing team to find the field, we went into the shop to peruse the material so hotly contested. It was pretty run-of-the-mill stuff, the usual "Girls Who Do Guys With Two Dicks" kind of trash, and a limited collection of (ahem) "toys." More interesting than the merchandise were some fellow Hampshire students, there to rent something for the evening. We also met some UMass guys who were there to show their support for the store. Boy, were they happy to see us. The fellow behind the counter was also quite amused and gratified.

So we staked out the territory directly in front of the store. At twenty after four, when the Storm Troopers of Empowerment showed up, they had to scuttle down the road to avoid contact with us (at first, they huddled near, but eventually they read our signs and got wise). It took about five minutes. Maybe it's their low reading comprehension that leads them to hate porn. Perhaps it confuses them.). Getting into the spirit of things, we decided to

chant one of the little ditties we composed in the car. This was a first protest for most of us (me included). It would be a lie to say that the general attitude was less than satirical.

"ONE, TWO, THREE,
F O U R -
WE SURE LOVE THIS SMUTTY
STORE!!!!"

"TWO, FOUR, SIX,
EIGHT—DON'T TELL US HOW
TO MASTURBATE!!!!"

...and the like. Over the next two hours, we chanted, we screamed, we exchanged approving yells with frat boys whose most likely only commonality with us was an interest in the sanctity of porn (Well. Some sort of interest in porn). Some highlights of horn-honking: an ambulance, a limo, multiple pick-up trucks (often decoratively laden with gun-racks), a cop, and a guy (two cars behind the cop) who toasted us with an open "Miller Light." We got old people, young people, men, women, families...the love for porn knew no bounds.

Which is not to say that our little friends down the road weren't rousing a fair amount of support, too. Many a driver would read our signs, flip us off, and drive into a more amenable zone, where they felt it was a "safe space" to honk. One particularly Which is not to say that our little friends down the road weren't rousing a fair amount of support, too. Many a driver would read our signs, flip us off, and drive into a more amenable zone, where they felt it was a "safe space" to honk. One particularly classy dame,

who obviously didn't approve of talk demeaning to women, yelled at us, "Are you going to go home and fuck your mother? Your sister?" Well. She sure made her point, putting an exclamation point on it by laying on her horn further down the road.

For me, one of the most profitable aspects of the "protest" was

the way in which it highlighted the traits of certain people. I have already mentioned that the protesters who showed up late were a little slow in discovering that not everyone there agreed with them. Rather, they assumed we agreed with them, not pausing to read our material. About an hour into the event, this was even more highlighted by the arrival of two well-intentioned but dumber-than-your-usual-bear UMass women. Hopping out of their car and breathlessly joining our group, they apologized for being late, grabbed two of our signs, and proceeded to train their message at cars. After a bit, I asked where they were from. I told them we were from Hampshire. I asked why they had come to protest the protest.

The double negative seemed to confuse them. I explained that we

were there in support of pornography. Whereupon they finally read the crap they were touting, dropped the signs like hot coals, and hustled there brain-dead bodies over to the other camp.

HA HA HA HA HA HA.

Sure. Damn funny. But also kind of disturbing. If you can't take two seconds to ascertain just what sort of message it is you're conveying, how much integrity can your ability to assess your viewpoint have?

Certainly, everyone has

the right to an opinion; this is part of the First Amendment rights we were out there to protect (although we could protect such rights just as easily without the First Amendment). But consider—both groups were protesting in an exercise of their First Amendment right to peacable assembly. Except that one group was out to protect the First Amendment, and the other—while I do not presume to speak for them—seems to want to cut off a particular mode of speech.

The value of pornography is subjective, certainly. Just like newspapers that commit libel, or vocalizations that end in "fighting words," the medium has a criminal capacity. Yet must we condemn an industry that might also provide a legitimate service from legitimate workers? Pornography is an industry, playing off the role of man as a sexual being. Must we drive these tendencies underground? Can't progress be achieved without eradication? I don't whole heartedly support porn. Heck, I don't even read it that much (although I do own a lot of "Cherry" Comics).

Rather, I was out there as an American, playing my role in the democratic discourse that defines our nation. Do I actually buy that? Yup. Lock, stock, and fuckin' barrel. If the Marketplace of Ideas winnows out porn, then sure, it'll die away. But for now, the demand is there, and the industry is legally sanctioned. Yes—our country just loves porn! What it does not love is criminal behavior.

Am I hiding from something here? Is pornography only legal *prima facie*? Does it cultivate a criminal element in our society? I believe it does not. Just like the old Comics' Code of the 1950's, the current vituperation of

porn as morally corrosive renders causal what is often an ancillary factor of crime. If porn was eradicated, rape would still exist. Sexism would still exist. I firmly believe women can make progress within the current parameters of society. They need to exercise control over the industry, over themselves. This is a huge demand. It can be achieved.

Credentials time: I've known many a stripper. I've seen many a porn. My first boyfriend grew up on Playboy and couldn't have been a bit less sexist. Sure, I used "man" in place of "humanity" three paragraphs previous, but does that mean I'm brainwashed?

I concede I have a realistic/idealistic view of the situation. Call me an optimistic pragmatist, call me a bitch...life is harsh, porn ain't pretty, but progress is only purchased at the price of failure.

And that's what life is all about. You want Utopia, join a commune. I prefer to live in a world of risk, where success means all the more. Galled as I am to say it, I enjoy being a woman. This is a great time to be a female, a time of great opportunity. I would not limit that opportunity by restricting my options. I ask those who protested merely to consider this: killing the enemy could help you now, but controlling it could help you later. Kate Moss gets to travel the world in that tiny pair of Calvin's. And something tells me she isn't really complaining.

"Maybe you're right,
I shouldn't judge.
What's wrong or right,
But this is too much..."

—Mission of Burma



HOMOSEXUALITY ROCKS!

VOL. 6 NUMBER 1 SEPTEMBER 22, 1991

by: John Land
Jon Land was the Omen's Managing Editor following Stephanie Cole (this was back in the day when the Omen had a "staff" and editorial "positions"). He seems to have spent much of his time at Hampshire being as controversial as possible. This article appeared in the first issue of the Fall Semester, 1995, and every word of it is true. Jon is rumored to now be a member of the collage music group Negativeland, which fact alone makes him really damned cool.

-Gabriel McKee

Well, it's great to be back, and for those not familiar with The Omen I would like to take a minute to say "Bastard", "Mongoloid", "Retard", "Yurt", and "Friggin' morons". Now that I've gotten all the formalities out of the way, I would like to address something pertaining to our little country home called Hampshire: Those rocks at every intersection.

Now, for all you first years with either a foggy memory or those of you who didn't come and visit Hampshire, those big white rocks that can be found scattered randomly around campus weren't there until late last year. Some of the bigger ones even have shrubbery around them.

I can hear you all saying to yourselves "What the fuck is hetalking about?" The reasoning is this: Hampshire college paid 50,000 dollars for the purchase and installation of those rocks. That's right, Last year's tuition

went to BUY rocks.

Rocks!!! Rocks can be FOUND anywhere. The side of a mountain perhaps, or maybe even by a body of water. It is clear, my friends, that for whoever thought of this blatant money-spending scheme, the elevator in Dakin does not go to the top.

There are 10 rocks, and Hampshire paid 4,999 dollars for each of them to the "Quirky Quarry" in Fresno, California. The remaining 10 dollars went to hire 250 illegal immigrants to carry the damn things cross country. I don't know how they split it, but by the time they made it back to Hampshire, there were only 83 of them left anyway. The dead were eaten and their skins were used to cover the top of the Yurt. Let me put it this way, you don't want to know the origins of Hampshire™ brand soap.

I know exactly what you're thinking now. You're thinking, "Oh no, I've come to Hampshire and I've turned gay." SNAP OUT OF IT, I'M NOT FINISHED YET! What you should be thinking about is, "Why?" No, not why did Hampshire make suddenly you gay, it's why did Hampshire buy all those damn rocks?

This a plea to all homosexuals on campus: I don't care about your sexual preference, just don't look at the friggin' rocks. Please, if not for me, at least for the Valley.



Hampshire (originally planned to be silos for Amherst), was alone and in the dark, much like an 11 year-old boy with his first piece of pornography.

Then it happened. Thanks to Jerome Lernelson's abundant donation to Hampshire, a team of NS students went to work. After their studies of 11 year-old boys with pornography proved inconclusive of anything (besides that the immature ones still feared "cooties"), they went on to study the correlation between homosexuals looking at rocks and a chemical in the brain called Goopystuff 107. It turns out that if Goopystuff 107 is mixed (in the proper proportions) with those Willy Wonka Bottle Cap TM things, Uranium is created. Then the Uranium is harnessed and used for Greg Prince's malicious purposes. To date there 4 of these bombs on campus (I'm not sure where, I think they're in that empty donut in Greenwich). It's sort of like the "A-Bomb", it's just the "Gay-Bomb". At any second it could all be over.

The answer to both these questions (as well as others) are one and the same: To become a player in the Five College arms race. As we all know, U-Mass and Amherst have had nuclear capabilities since the late sixties. Later on in the mid-eighties, each of those entities sold their wares to Mt. Holyoke and Smith.

ZAK
The Omen Maniac

HAMPSHIRE = THOUGHT PRISON

VOL. 16 NUMBER 3 MARCH 9, 2001

by: Zak Kauffman

I realize I was lax in giving Zak Kauffman props in my last article year, so I will make up for it here. Zak is probably the most criminally underrated Omen writers during my tenure at Hampshire. It is an absolute shame that he started writing more sporadically his last two years here. Truly the brightest stars only burn half as long. Anyway, most people would probably pick "Testicle Festival" as the best of Zak's articles. But I'm a contrarian kinda guy. "Hampshire = Thought Prison" provides a just skewering of close-minded Hampshire students we've all (well, me at least) had to spend too many classes with, as well as the anonymous idiots who were scrawling on FPH pillars that semester. It stands as one of my favorite Omen articles ever. Read and enjoy.

- j. paternostro

Hampshire was started with the dream of making a school that doesn't force students into a paradigmatic assembly line box of conformist uniformity. A school where a student can become whomever he/she/they truly are, not what a white male dominated society thinks they should be. It was a wonderful dream by some guy whose name I don't know, and I salute that guy. Hopefully he's dead now, so that he doesn't have to see what his dream has become.

Many years ago I was a high school senior, looking for a col-

lege that would give me the tools to change the world. While going over some informative pamphlets I discovered that Hampshire might be just such a school and so applied there (No sir, it wasn't just because they took the common application). On the day that Hampshire College accepted me into its liberal bosom I wept openly.

I stepped onto campus a wide-eyed innocent, open to all the possibilities of the universe. I was going to design my own curriculum. The pure freedom of this curriculum would let me shape myself into whatever I wanted to become, be it a writer, a doctor, or a genetically altered super being of unimaginable destructive might. Yes, the future was mine to mold.

Or at least, that's what Greg Prince wanted me to think.

My first hint that Hampshire was not the anarchist utopia it advertised itself as came on the first day of classes. I showed up to the classes that I wanted to take, but was told that I had to register. I explained to the teacher's that by registering for classes I would be anti-registering my freedom, but they didn't care. Apparently, if I didn't register the man wouldn't be able to trap me in his system, and he couldn't afford to let me be free.

So to make a long story short, I didn't take any classes my first semester.

Second semester was going to be different. I decided that it

was worth sacrificing a little bit of freedom by registering in order to take the classes I needed in order to become my true self. So I signed up for my three classes and got ready to open myself up to the wisdom of the ages. But the man still tried to bring me down. Here's what went wrong.

Problem #1: The fucking teachers. I don't know what's up with these fools. Greg Prince promised me discussion based courses, and yet my stupid teachers keep trying to talk. Let me give you an example: I'm in Psych & Culture talking about how close to nature the Indians were and how that was a lot better than the way we live now because we've gotten so far away from the Goddess. Everyone in the class was riveted, and then the fucking teacher interrupts me and starts talking about the readings. WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?! I'm expressing my true self and the teacher wants to stifle that by trying to control my in-class discussion topics.

That's not the Hampshire I was promised.

Problem #2: The fucking readings. Almost every day in class some stupid teacher would assign me a reading that they think I need to read. They didn't ask me what I think I should read, but instead thrust their narrow-minded western literature upon me, assuming that they know what I need to continue my spiritual elevation. And what's more, continued on page 23



THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

VOL. 15 NUMBER 7 DECEMBER 8, 2000

Yo mama like a helicopter. She hovers... ON MY DICK!

Yo mama listen to Mantovani.

Yo mama so stupid, she tried to invade Russia-during winter, no less.

Yo mama rely too much on salt when she cook.

Yo mama so old she invented water.

Yo mama would suck off Jar-Jar Binks if she could.

Yo mama can't color-coordinate for shit.

Yo mama's face look like someone tried to cut lasagna with a sandblaster.

Yo mama's blood pressure be way above normal.

Yo mama gave you your stupid name, motherfucker.

Yo mama once ate a sandwich somebody spit on. Why'd they spit on it? 'CAUSE SHE'S A BITCH!

Yo mama naïve and shit.

Yo mama on eBay.

Yo mama make dated cultural references in order to stay current.

Yo mama's ass got a turnstile.

Yo mama got bad knees. She can't run fast, shithead.

Yo mama is like a supercollider. She accelerates particles... THE PARTICLES OF MY DICK!

Yo mama laugh at everything I say.

Yo mama front harder than a window display.

Yo mama tries too hard

Yo mama wears Depends... on her head.

Yo mama be codependent and shit.

Yo mama don't eat right.

Yo mama is like a European. She eats French fries with mayo... MY DICK MAYO!

Yo mama once blew an ATM 'cause it gave her money.

Yo mama be an alcoholic- a cheap alcoholic.

Yo mama collects Pez dispensers. Know what her favorite one is? THE ONE SHAPED LIKE MY DICK!

Yo mama so fat, she got chafe marks on her ass from the windows of her house.

Yo mama so hairy, she looks like a sea urchin.

Yo mama makes a horrible porno actress.

Yo mama be going to hell when she die.

Yo mama can't play Starcraft worth a damn.

Yo mama stole my Dreamcast. Whore.

Yo mama performed a self-tonsillectomy. She used a SCALPEL TAPED TO MY DICK!

Yo mama knows what a duvet is.

Yo mama a disgrace to her gender.

Yo mama so fat, she got 20-inch rims.... ON HER ASS!

Yo mama emphasize style over substance.

Yo mama phony, and don't nobody like her.

Yo mama always be starting land wars in Asia and Shit.

Yo mama speak only one language.

Yo mama so old and stupid, she still think Myanmar be Burma.

Yo mama never gets the best deals on anything.

Yo mama screams like a little girl.

MORE ON INSIDE PAGE

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they don't even buy the damn books for me. I have to buy them. It's like the teachers are stealing money right out of my pocket. So instead of buying what my true self needs, I have to spend my money on what the man wants me to read, limiting my mind to a teeny little box of thought.

That's not the Hampshire I was promised.

Problem #3: The fucking assignments. I'm a reasonable guy. I'm willing to compromise with the teachers. I'll do some of their readings. Who knows, maybe somewhere in there I'll even find something worth thinking about, maybe something that'll inspire an earth poem. And you'd think the teachers would be satisfied with this little victory, but no. Now they want their damn dirty paper. Well I say no! I will not limit my time

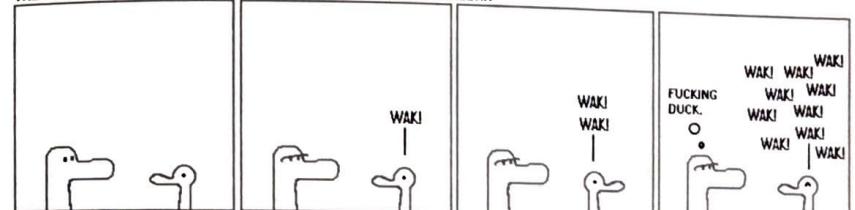
to writing papers, an antiquated western practice that not only limits the mind but wastes valuable trees! I will not pander for the teacher's approval by regurgitating the preprogrammed thoughts he wanted us to learn in class! I will not play their game!

So to make a long story short, I didn't pass any of my classes second semester.

But that doesn't mean my second semester was wasted. No, because second semester I found the Omen. In the Omen I found the perfect forum to share my wisdom with others, a forum that encourages free and diverse thought. Be it my opinions on my new Appalachian Folk album or an essay on the tyranny of oppressive white male capitalistic rapist privilege, I could write whatever I wanted and know that it would be read and appreciated



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, MCCOY THE DUCK, AND MELVIN



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Yo mama could suck the dirt off the Earth

Yo mama can't drive stick.

Yo mama collects coins... which are in my pocket, NEXT TO MY DICK!

Yo mama too needy.

Yo mama think Diet Coke and Coke taste the same n' shit

Yo mama can't speak English. Get her the fuck outta here.

Yo mama so dumb, she ate her front porch.

Yo mama be like a hamster. People only use her for sex.

Yo mama made me mad, so I killed the bitch.

Yo mama so stupid, she don't know how to die.



JOE AND THE GIANT PENIS

VOL. 17. ISSUE 1. SEPTEMBER 14TH 2001

A lot of people have been telling me lately that I should write for the Omen again. Fine. I like to tell stories and lately people have been getting distracted right in the middle of 'em. Guess I'm losing my touch. Sooner or later you have to commit things to writing anyway.

This story happened this summer. It begins just as a party was winding down and I was giving my friend Rafil a ride home. As we walked to the car we heard the sounds of a frat party several blocks away. Rafil, who was very manic that night, wanted to go. The idea never even occurred to him that we would be rejected, humiliated, or possibly beaten at this frat party. Rafil was like that when he was manic. I drove him there anyway because I had nothing better to do and because I could run faster than him.

I parked a good two blocks away and we walked to the party; small groups of tipsy freshman girls walked with us (on the other side of the street). Rafil waved at them and shot me a maniacal grin. Maniacal and manic come from the same root, you know.

At the door, we were greeted by a sizeable man with an equally sizeable flashlight. He cast a look

at Rafil, an Indian with a Tori Amos shirt two sizes too small and nails painted silver; then at me, a pasty, long haired Hampshire student in a Misfits shirt. He was at least nice enough to ask if we were on the guest list; we left.

Twenty minutes later, in an all night coffee shop, I suggested to Rafil that there was no shame in going to bed at 3 AM.

"No!", he hissed in a manic voice. His eyes narrowed like Batman's, "Builder's Square is still open."

"What do you want to build?" I asked.

He stared at his plate of nachos for a long moment and when he looked up his eyes were ablaze, "A penis!...A giant penis!" Surprisingly, only about half the coffee-shop patrons bothered to look up.

Hardware stores are an interesting place at 3:30 AM. There are people still buying hardware at that hour – people like Rafil. As for the workers, their bleary-eyed faces, deprived of both sleep and sunlight, reminded me of some strange deep-sea fish.

By contrast, Rafil was now leaping about like a monkey being chased with a stun-gun. He

grabbed a cart and immediately threw three hard hats into it. Then he raced to the paint section and grabbed three cans of spray paint; one purple, two pink.

"I'm tired," he said suddenly. "Can you push me in the shopping cart?"

Damn Rafil and his Jedi mind-tricks.

I began to push him around the hardware store and he gleefully snatched up some carpet samples.

"Now all we need is a shaft," he said.

I pushed him over to a very tired Mexican immigrant who obviously thought we were a gay couple preparing for some sort of "Construction Worker" sex game.

"Hi," chirped Rafil, "I need something-uh-something round, and about five feet long."

He gave us a length of industrial card-board tubing and we were on our way to check out. Our total ran about \$40 and Rafil paid in cash.

I drove Rafil home and he had no less energy when he began spray-painting detailed purple veins onto the cardboard "shaft." He even went over them with a thin layer of pink so they

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, MCCOY THE DUCK, AND MELVIN



would look more realistic.

"Rafil," I said, "I have to go to bed."

He called me the next day and asked me to come over to look at the penis.

He had cut the end of the tube at an angle and attached a hard-hart to it, which he had painted purple. At the base, were the remaining two hard-hats, painted pink to match the shaft. He had cut up the brown carpet samples and glued them to these. It looked, remarkably, like a five-foot long penis.

"It took me almost an hour to drill a urethra into this fucking hard-hat," he sighed.

"Well, that's quite a penis you've constructed. What are you going to do with it?"

"Dunno," he said as he put the massive construction on his head like a hat.

"Raaaafil?", it was the voice of his mother. In a panic, he bent over and hurled the massive dick into a closet and slammed the door shut.

"What mom?"

"Are you kids drinking in here again?"

Later we were in Rafil's Lexus, which, by chance, has a sun-roof. Since he was driving, it was my job to support the giant phallus, of which two-feet or so projected from the sun-roof.

To my horror, Rafil drove back to the frat-house from last night. When we were done, the penis

projected from the wall of the house and towards the street at a perfect right angle; its testicles hanging beneath it like some exotic cave formation.

Now what I have not yet mentioned in this story is that this took place on the night of July 3rd. Before we went home that night, we stopped to steal a miniature American flag from a parade route, which by providence, fit perfectly into the urethra which Rafil had drilled. I went home thinking it was all worth it to know that any early rising residents of Terry Town would be greeted with a nice, patriotic stiffy 4th of July morning.

I heard from Rafil the next day around noon. Apparently this girl had spent last night and didn't come home until late the next evening. The other thing we didn't know was that her street was on a neighborhood parade route. Apparently none of her neighbors had possessed the nerve to do anything about the penis, but we were pretty sure the poor girl's family would be snubbed at the next block-party. Rafil said he did a reconnaissance to check on his creation and saw a horrified father hiding his children's eyes with his hands.

Yep, that was the biggest cardboard penis I ever saw. No part of this story is a metaphor in any sense.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK



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